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MARYLAND COLONIZATION JOURNAL.

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Vol. 9.—No. 2.

VOYAGE TO LIBERIA.

"GETTING UNDER WAY."

WE did hope to have gotten our good ship, the Mary Caroline Stevens, *under way* in our last Number, but our task, it seems, partook too much of the nature of the subject, delays and interruptions. We closed our last article with some reflections upon the closing services of the Emigrants, on the last Sabbath they were ever to enjoy in America. On the evening of that day, indications appeared of a more favorable wind and pleasant weather. The mists and clouds began to clear away—the cold increased, the wind commenced hauling more northerly, even verging upon the west.—We could distinguish with the glass, that it was even more favorable in the bay, below the Rip Raps, from the courses of vessels passing up and down; and we turned in, at night, with promises from the Pilot, that, we should get to sea on the morrow. The morrow came, the 8th of December, clear and intensely cold; thermometer at 23°—wind due north, yet, all hands were early astir.

The scene from the deck was interesting, and soon became exciting. Hampton Roads was full of vessels, wind bound, like ourselves, of every size and variety, from our full rigged queenly Ship, to the humble oyster dregger. The appearance, if not the note, of preparation was manifest in all, and from many we heard the joyful chorus of the seamen bousing up the anchors, and the sharp clink of the windlass palls. Others were loosing, hoisting and sheeting home their sails, many of the smaller fry, pilot boats and the like, were already careening to the stiff breeze and shooting towards the narrows.

Our good Ship was the last to give indications of movement. The wind would barely allow fore and afters to lay their course, and the Pilot did not feel exactly safe in trying a new Ship among so many vessels where repeated tacks might be necessary. However, on manifestations of impatience by all on board from the Captain, down, he concluded to do what has effected so much in all doubtful cases,—to *try*.

Accordingly, the windlass was manned, sails loosed and in a shorter time than could reasonably be expected, although nearly the last of all, the Mary Caroline was fairly *under way*.

Qualities of the Ship: To us, this moment of getting under way, was, on very many accounts, one of intense interest. We had spent the past eight months in building the Ship: in planning, contriving and arranging every thing in and about her, save her hull and spars. As she lay at the wharf, every thing was to our entire satisfaction, and to the satisfaction and admiration of all, especially of those most interested in the great labor she was destined to perform. But the great questions as to her sailing qualities, her worthiness, safety and ease as a sea boat, remained yet to be tested. That she would—*must* answer our purpose, we could not doubt, but we had bargained for something extra, for a ship of peculiarly good qualities, and a few hours were now to determine whether she possessed them or not. We, therefore, watched every movement with interest and a not altogether unpractised eye. First, the windlass, that most important engine in an African Coaster, which always anchors in an open roadstead, exposed to the heavy swells of the vast Atlantic, worked freely and well. Next, the yards swung easily on their trusses—the chain sheets and all the running rigging played smoothly through the iron and double patent blocks—The sails when stretched home fitted as new sails should, allowing room for extension on use. Then, as the anchor was run up to the cat-head and the good Ship payed off, the moment of trial came. The Pilot had put on as much sail as she would bear in the stiff breeze then blowing; the chances were, that, two or three tacks would be necessary to enable her to make the passage between the Rip Raps and Old Point; but she luffed up and up—the yards were braced sharper and sharper; she lay within, or *at* five points, making a straight wake and good headway. One great point was established, she would *lay close* and *hold her own*, a *sine qua non* in an African Coaster. But how will her speed compare with that of others? We shall soon see. The Pilot's experienced eye soon told him that if the wind kept steady no second tack would be necessary—and he stretched far, far up—leaving all other vessels astern, or rather ahead as our course lay. Finally, the orders came to "Tack Ship." Here was another test. Our Ship was "flying light," as the term is, and very high out of the water. The Pilot feared she might miss stays. But at the word, she luffed right up into the wind's eye, and came round like a top, in less time than it takes to write it—Another point settled to satisfaction.

Here then we were, astern of the whole fleet, heading well up for Old Point, with the passage two points under our lee bow—Now for it—We begged the Pilot to hang out more canvass—"No, try her first with what she's got on her"—"Keep her off a point, let her go a good full—Steady so"—"A small pull on that weather fore brace—top-sail do.—top-gallant-sail do.—well!—Main do. do. do.—well!—Lee crojack—top-sail—top-gallant-sail—well! Well of all!" We soon found that we had got a *live* vessel under us—rather crank to be sure—lay well over easily, but then held on, and slipt through the water with very little noise or bustle. Soon we began to overhaul the fleet; first, this clump of a Brig; then that down east fore and after, and so on. Soon we cease to triumph over such competitors, and fix our attention upon a few well known

clippers, who have kept anchor-watch with us the past two days, all of which, are now passing the narrows ahead of us. These we come up with and pass one after another, till at last, with a clear sea, and every sail astern of us, we pass Cape Henry at 12 M. bearing south, one mile distant, and from it, in Seamen's phrase, we take our "natural departure."

Another and the main question was now settled—the Ship has proved herself to be a *very fast sailer*. Of her character as a sea-boat, hereafter.

Sea Sickness. It is not our purpose to write a dissertation upon this very agreeable subject, either of its pathology or cure, much less shall we attempt a description or detail of the symptoms or phenomena as they are developed in its progress. Many, whose profession is writing and book-making, and professional writing too, have experienced this disease in all its luxury and variety, and have described it most graphically, in all the agony and abandon of nausea and vertigo, leaving the indescribable to be imagined or experienced as their readers may prefer, or circumstances may decide. For our single self, we have neither the ability or desire properly to dish it up, and no doubt we should have been excused, had we omitted the subject altogether, but we could not pass over so important and interesting a part of our "Voyage to Liberia"—important at the time, it certainly was *felt* to be by the sufferers. What we have to say of Sea Sickness is in a wholesale way—of the mass, as the historians speak of battles—"So many left dead on the field, and so many wounded"—sparing the reader the details of individual agony and suffering.

A more lively, cheerful mass of human beings we never saw than were our 215 emigrants on the morning of our leaving Hampton Roads. Although the weather was piercingly cold, most were on deck, or running up and down the different gangways, excited by the novelty of the scene and the operations of the officers and crew; nor were the operations of the cook unheeded. A barrel of Corn Meal was doughed up and baked into good "Virginny Pone." A half barrel of good fat Mackerel was boiled, and dished up with the bread; and some thirty gallons of good hot Coffee, sweetened with Molasses, were served out as an accompaniment. At 10 o'clock, their breakfast was finished. At noon we began to meet the heavy ground swell under a ten-knot breeze, dashing merrily through the water. But not *merrily*, for the poor Emigrants. A greater change never came over any poor creatures in a briefer space of time. Some dropped on deck, some slid below, some groaned, some tried to brave it out with a laugh, "grinning a horribly and ghastly smile." Some did one thing and some another—but all joined in a general regurgitation, a casting up of accounts. Of the 215, few or none escaped. It might be said, as in descriptions of sea fights, so many were slain, and the decks above and below flooded and slippery with—*gore!* For three days scarce an Emigrant was seen on deck, and it was almost impossible to keep the between decks in a tolerable condition. With such a number all down at once, each one fancying himself in *articulo mortis*; little could be done to alleviate or shorten their sufferings. It was only the extreme cases, those lasting several days, that we attempted to treat—and in such,

stimulus judiciously administered, with dry and highly seasoned food soon brought relief. But it was long before any could bear more mackerel or coffee; in fact some refrained from those luxuries the entire voyage. Even the fish barrel was offensive, and many an old man begged the "Capten" "to let dem trow dat ole burl of maclar fish into de sea, whar dey belong," "dey ain't fit for our folks, no how."

Of the Ship's Company and Crew. Although not entirely germane to our subject, yet we cannot forbear a few remarks upon the character of the crew of our Ship; the same being applicable to most crews we have had to do with. Our crew proper—that is, men before the mast, numbered twelve, shipped as *able Seamen*, at the highest wages, \$18 per month, two months paid in advance. The Ship actually required twelve able-bodied men; with less, she could not be sailed to advantage, or in fact, with safety.

Now, what did we get in those twelve men? Not one good, able-bodied seaman, capable of performing the duties of such. The second day out, one, an old Portuguese man, came to me complaining of illness. I found him laboring under a chronic affection of the lungs, a poor old debilitated broken down man, whom it would be a cruelty to force into duty; of course, he was put under treatment and relieved from all labor, till near the close of the passage out, when he occasionally took the wheel. The third day out, another man presented himself, with a very bad lumbar abscess, from which he had long suffered; it had just opened spontaneously and was discharging very freely; his life was only saved by assiduous and careful treatment, and he was never placed on duty for an hour. Two others were very soon laid up with a vile complaint common with seamen, had each to undergo the process of salivation, and were necessarily off duty for about three weeks. Another man was affected with dropsy of the lower extremities, from repeated salivation, for the sailor disease; he, however, was never excused from duty, but was almost entirely useless from debility, not being able to go aloft, or do any severe duty; besides, he was no sailor. It may be set down therefore, that, of the twelve men shipped on board, at least four were off duty the entire passage out. Thus much for the health or physical ability of the crew.

As to their capacity and seamanship, with the exception of the two old invalids, the Portuguese and him of the lumbar abscess, there was not one that could splice a rope, or strap a block; not one that could box the compass or tell the points on its card when before them, or steer a good trick at the wheel. There were but two or three that could rig out a studding-sail or who knew the ropes of the Ship; the others having to wait, when an order was given, till they were pointed out by the officers, or the two or three who did know them. One had never before set foot on board a square-rigged vessel, and when ordered to unfurl the sky-sail, could not tell in what part of the Ship it was, hence he was dubbed "Sky-sail" for the voyage. The moral capacity and condition of this crew was about on a par with that of their physical and professional, as was evinced by their disobedience of orders and intercourse with the Emigrants on board, contrary to the rules and regulations of the Ship.

Most of them, also, came on board with scarce a change of raiment of any kind, unfitted alike for leaving our Coast in the winter season, or for a voyage of four months in the Tropics. The Captain of the Ship and myself supplied them with all we could spare, and had the satisfaction, soon after arriving out, to learn, that, our supplies had been exchanged for rum, fruit, &c. To cap the climax, all but three absconded the first week in Mesurado Roads, ere the time, for which they had received advance pay, as able seamen, had expired. With such a crew were entrusted the lives of over two hundred Emigrants to Liberia—we pray Heaven we shall never be forced to witness the like again, although the character of our seamen, in general, is such, that we cannot always be sure of doing better. Probably there is no class of people in civilized—yea, even in barbarous lands, that so much need *good* influences—influences of legislation, of philanthropy, associated and individual, of educational training, as our seamen. At the present time they are the most ignorant, the most degraded and abused, the most stupid and vicious class of human beings on God's earth or sea—mentally, socially, morally and physically polluted and rotten. *Where, with whom, or in what is the remedy?*

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“*What has been, shall be—and there is no new thing under the Sun.*”

In a volume of the *Curiosities of Literature, Autographs, &c.* we came across the two following book-advertisements, which, in purpose and intent, bore so strong a resemblance to many modern publications concerning Liberia, that we could not refrain from giving them an insertion, wishing it were practicable to transfer the type, as we have the matter, *verbatim et literatim*.

The first article is just two centuries old, and seems to have been addressed to a class of people of which we are not over anxious to make Liberia citizens. The cogency of the arguments might be greatly enforced at the present time, in our cause, by adding slavery, the curse of caste and disfranchisement, to begging, stealing, rotting in prison, and the like.

The second advertisement is of a century later, but quite as antique and remarkable. Probably, emigration to America was becoming so popular, that some party or interests found it necessary to dissect and shew up that horrible Country, a-la-Garrison, Dr. Bacon, Nesbit and others. The similitude in the catalogue of horrors in the two Countries, of America in the 18th, and Africa in the 19th Centuries, is very striking—we marvel at the omission of *Snakes* in the former. The danger to “Soules of the poor people from pestilent Heresies”—no doubt, most piously set forth by the “Rev’d Divine, Missionary,” &c. well compares with the conclusion of certain Missionaries to Liberia, viz. that, their labors of converting the Heathen, could not be successfully prosecuted in the vicinity of a civilized, Christian people, holding to “damnable Heresies,” we presume, in their estimation. We enjoy no little satisfaction in holding the mirror up to them and their abettors.

LEAH AND RACHEL,

The two Fruitful Sisters.

VIRGINIA AND MARYLAND.

THEIR PRESENT CONDITION IMPARTIALLY STATED AND RELATED, with a removeall of such imputations as are scandalously cast on those countries, where—
 by many deceived soules chose rather to BEG, STEAL, rot in
 PRISON and come to shameful deaths, than to
 better their being by going thither,
 wherein is plenty of all things
 necessary for humane
 subsistence,
 BY JOHN HAMMOND,
 LONDON,
 1656.

AMERICA DISSECTED.

Being a full and true account of all the AMERICAN COLONIES, shewing—
 The intemperance of the CLIMATE; excessive HEAT and COLD and SUDDEN
 VIOLENT changes of WEATHER; TERRIBLE and MISCHIEVOUS THUNDER and LIGHT-
 NING; bad and unwholesome air, destructive to human bodies; BADNESS of MONEY;
 DANGER from ENEMIES; but above all DANGER to the SOULES of the POOR PEOPLE
 that remove thither from the multifarious, wicked and pestilent HERESIES that
 prevail in those parts.
 ALL in SEVERAL LETTERS from a REV'D DIVINE of the CHURCH OF ENG-
 LAND, MISSIONARY TO AMERICA and DOCTOR OF DIVINITY. Published as a
 caution to unsteady people who may be tempted to leave their native country.
 DUBLIN, 1753.

The testimony of the Rev. George Thompson, in opposition to Wm. Nesbit's book, is of especial value at this time. Mr. Thompson resided as a missionary several years in Africa, and can speak from his own personal observation of Liberia.

REV. GEO. THOMPSON ON NESBIT'S BOOK.

Wm. Nesbit, with a company of others, sailed for Africa in the fall of 1853, in a vessel commanded by Austin Miller. He was on and about the coast of Liberia nearly three months. I have not time, in this brief notice, to speak of many of his descriptions and views of Liberia, but can only point out a few of his most flagrant falsehoods, so that we may know what weight to attach to his testimony in general.

Nesbit's Assertion.

1st. "The face of the country is one *magnificent swamp*," and Cape Mesurado, Cape Mount, and the banks of part of Junk river, are given as the only exceptions (or mainly so;) "*and except these, there is very little other land free from the inundations of the tide, which rises all over it twice a day!*"

Thompson's Reply.

Ans. Is it possible that Mr. Nesbit ever saw Liberia—ever went ashore there—and can utter such barefaced falsehoods! Did he think no one else would ever visit that place to witness the truth of his words? I have been there, and examined Mesurado county thoroughly in every part. I went about one hundred miles back into the country. I visited the place about two and a half years after Nesbit. A few miles back from Monrovia is a low mangrove swamp, but within two miles of the sea the land is sufficiently elevated to be inhabited and cultivated. From the junction of St. Paul's and Stockton creek (not more than three or four miles from the sea) the banks of St. Paul are high, and fine for settlements or farming. And the banks of the river are now mostly settled, and under cultivation I walked from Marshall to Monrovia, on the beach (forty miles) and found nearly the whole line of coast fine for settlement. I went up St. Paul's, Mesurado and Junk rivers (both branches,) and found some of the finest locations for settlements or for farms, which, for pleasantness of scenery, exceeded any thing I had seen in any country.

But when we are a few miles back from any point, for hundreds of miles along the coast, as fine a country is found as the sun shines upon. It is beautifully hilly, rolling well, and watered with numerous mill streams, springs of the finest soft water, with abundance of fine timber, stone, iron ore, and other metals—capable of being brought under the highest cultivation, and having roads made everywhere. From Monrovia to Cape Mount the whole coast is capable of settlement, and much of the way from Cape Mount to Gallinas.

When the hills are reached they continue indefinitely into the interior, altogether making one of the finest countries in the world. "*I speak that I know, and testify that I have seen.*"

But enough on this point.

Nesbit's Assertion.

2nd. "The land does not produce any timber of consequence."—I have already noticed this. "*Would not average one tree on a mile!*"

Thompson's Reply.

Ans. I saw an abundance of the finest timber everywhere I traveled, unless where it had been cleared off for farms.

Nesbit's Assertion.

3d "There is observable from the coast the Kong Mountains."

Thompson's Reply.

Ans. I went to and stood on the top of the mountain Mr. Nesbit refers to, but the Kong Mountains are nearly three hundred miles N. E.

Nesbit's Assertion.

4th. "There positively is not, and never has been, a plow, a horse, or a yoke of oxen used in all the country."

Thompson's Reply.

Ans. A man went from settlement to settlement to aid the people in breaking oxen, and I saw oxen that were worked. It is true there are not, as yet, many horses, but I saw numbers, and they are getting more from time to time.

Nesbit's Assertion.

5th. No man there has now, or ever had, five acres of land cleared, and in cultivation.

Thompson's Reply.

Ans. On St Paul's one man had four hundred acres, about one hundred cleared and in *successful cultivation*, in cane, coffee, &c., and I now have a quantity of his sugar, syrup, and coffee.

Another had seventy-five acres of cane, and was planting fifty more. Another had forty acres of the heaviest cane ever seen anywhere. Another had one hundred acres cleared, and in coffee trees. One man raised *one ton* of ginger, and saved *the whole for seed* another year!

There were two sugar mills in operation when I was there, and two steam sugar mills had been ordered; and in another county there were some eight or ten sugar mills.

I saw hundreds of acres of cane, and hundreds of acres of coffee, cocoa, and other articles.

Nesbit's Assertion.

6th. "Slavery as abject, and far more merciless than is to be found almost anywhere else, exists there universally. There is not *one* who does not own more or less slaves!"

Thompson's Reply.

Ans. I can only say, *there is no foundation* for such a libel to rest upon Liberia. SLAVERY *is not there, nor can it be there*, with their present Constitution and laws, and I have reason to know that these laws are enforced. The native chiefs who live within and under the colony, have their slaves as before; but if they run away, they cannot regain them. * * * *

LETTER FROM REV. MR. SEYS.

CAREYSBURG, Interior Settlement, *Liberia*, April 2, 1857.

REV. R. R. GURLEY, *Cor. Sec. A. C. S.*

Rev. and Dear Sir:—I had the pleasure to write to Rev. Mr. McLain quite at length by the M. C. Stevens, but her unexpected arrival from the Leeward, and sudden departure for the United States, compelled me to close my despatches before I had said all that I designed to say in that communication. In consequence of which it was my intention to write to you by the March steamer *via* England. I was taken, however, with an attack of fever just at the time the steamer was due, and could not write then. Since then, your favor of December 22d, by some New York vessel, has come to hand, as also a letter from the Secretary of the Navy of the United States accompanying my commission as Agent for Liberated Africans on this coast. I have taken the necessary steps to secure a recognition of said agency by the Government of this Republic, and shall, before I close this, make out the necessary drafts, and enclose them to you for two quarters' salary up to May 28th, 1857.

I have now the additional pleasure to inform you, and the Committee through you, that the most complete success which the warmest friends of the colonization scheme could have anticipated, is attending our interior settlement. The *twenty-two* immigrants by the M. C. Stevens, in which number are included three women and one child, have been here now over two months, and are as well, and many of them better than when they left the ship. One man had a little fever, which was all over on the fifth day, and left him as well as ever. The contrast is most striking in reference to their own relations and friends who went to Clay-Ashland, eighteen of whom are dead, and others quite debilitated and discouraged.

Under these circumstances, several of the survivors, through their children here—and one man in a personal visit he made to our settlement—have requested of me permission to remove. I have consented, and one very industrious man, Hugh Walker, who has three sons here, and who lost his wife, will remove here next week with seven children. I have prepared room for them, but as I have no authority to incur their moving expenses to a second place, he (Walker) will repay the Society by an order on the executors of their late master's will for the amount.

The surveyor has been at work for two or three weeks, and in a few days our people will have their lots, against which time they are most industriously preparing timber, making shingles and getting ready to erect their houses. Judging from the beginning of the enterprise that the immigrants would want lumber for their houses, and without our aid could not obtain it, I employed two sets of sawyers, who have been diligently at work, and the result is that we have on hand a quantity of excellent boards, which I will spare to the immigrants for their houses, and for which they will give orders on the executor aforesaid, who has means in his hands for them, payable in instalments.

It has occurred to me that on hearing of our success here, you would be disposed to send us a large immigration by the ship on her next trip. The houses we have erected were mainly temporary, partially of native construction, poorly done, and very frail. I have had to re-thatch one house entirely, and my own hut leaks badly and must be covered again before the rains. Now as we are compelled by law to keep forty men here as a garrison, in view of the expected additional immigration, the abundance of choice and durable timber, I have concluded that you would justify the measure, and have therefore determined to erect a substantial Receptacle, framed and shingled, of proper dimensions to accommodate some ten families or more. The timber is being hewed and carried to the spot, (and such a site, such a beautiful plateau, I cannot stop here to describe,) the shingles are being made, and without any additional expense save nails and lumber, I hope to have ready by July 1st a strong and commodious building. Having in our employ three common carpenters, I shall be my own architect, and probably in the sequel it will be one of the cheapest buildings ever erected in Liberia.

April 3. I received late last evening Rev. Mr. McLain's letter by the Kingfisher, and copies of the Colonization Journal of New York.

Mr. McLain asks my opinion about the size of Receptacles to be built in future, and suggests buildings of four rooms, each twelve feet square, and one and a half stories high. Most strange coincidence! This is precisely, *to a foot*, the size and form of the building I am now about to erect, with the addition of a wide hall through the centre crosswise for a dining room.

Permit me now to call your attention to the "Act" of the Legislature here, and the consequent pecuniary embarrassment into which it had like to have thrown us and our operations. Early in March I was notified by Mr. Dennis, our agent at Monrovia, that after April 1st he could pay no more bills of mine drawn on him, and that unless I could obtain some mercantile house in this country to come up to our help, he did not know what we should do! Here I was, with twenty-two immigrants, forty able-bodied men to ration and pay at \$8 per month, some being carpenters get more; sawyers to pay for large quantities of lumber; natives to form a caravan for going to and fro to bring all our provisions on their backs from the river side; all these expenses to meet, and the source, the only source from which I was to draw supplies, according

to "my letter of instructions," failing me at once! In this emergency I laid the whole matter before McGill & Co. Bros. and they have nobly come up to my help, under these conditions: that if the Board permit me to draw on them at thirty days' sight, I do so, and pay them up; and if I do not hear and obtain said permission they wait until the return of the M. C. Stevens for payment of their accounts; and if they are not paid then, I have pledged myself that on my return to the United States in the ship—which is my purpose now to do—I will see them paid *in thirty days after my arrival*. This arrangement, with a supply of meats and breadstuffs from Dennis, enables me to carry on the work assigned me with vigor, and meet all my engagements so promptly that I could get hundreds of men to work for me did we need them.

Allow me to say in this connection, however, that while the legislative enactment has put us to immense and unexpected expense, yet the perfect security we shall feel, and the complete state of self-defence in which we are placed, will amply compensate in the sequel for the whole. The impregnable block-house I am building, and is nearly completed, of logs, twelve and fourteen inches thick, as an armory and place of *rendezvous*, in case of an invasion, together with the military display kept up every Saturday afternoon, will in my humble judgment forever deter these weak and timid *Queahs* from either making war against us or employing more warlike tribes to do so. Careysburg will be in a few weeks the best fortified place in all Liberia except Monrovia. I need not add how much this sense of protection and security, added to the salubrity of the place, will induce immigration to it.

Dr. Smith, who has been with us for seven weeks, (but I am happy to repeat, had nothing professional to do,) left us to-day for the extra session of the legislature, which meets on the 6th inst. We are to have a pupil of the doctor, a Mr. Foster, in whose medical skill the doctor has every confidence, to remain with us the balance of the six months. I must confess I should have been better pleased to have had one of our regular physicians with us—but I had to submit to the arrangement.

In view of our heavy expenses, and the absolute necessity that the place be made to aid in its own support, I am planting continually every thing likely to be profitable. We have more than *one thousand* hills of cassava, which in this rich, luxuriant and virgin soil, look very thrifty and promising. Besides one hundred plantains, two bean arbors, cabbage for greens, eddoes, and a large variety of other garden vegetables which I need not here enumerate. We have not forgotten to lay the foundation for fruit:—orange and lime seeds, mango scions, soursop, guava, granadilla, rose apple, sapadilla, papaw, and others, are in the ground, and some up and doing well.

I am happy to state that the ulcer, of which I wrote to you under such discouraging feelings, is rapidly healing. I am enabled to walk about, and be at every part of my work during the day, and push things forward with my personal presence. Mr. Campion makes an excellent assistant, and such is my confidence in him that I unhesitatingly recommend him as your permanent agent for this place, when I leave. President Benson having left it to me to nominate a man as superintendent of Careysburg, I felt I could conscientiously name him, and he immediately sent him a commission, putting him in that office. Your agent then will be the highest government officer in the place.

My letter of instructions directed me to stay *six months* in the interior with the pioneer immigrants, to see them through their acclimation and settled. This time will be up July 30, and after the first August I shall

feel justified in returning to my family and home, should a hitherto beneficent and kind Providence permit me to live. Whether on my return to the United States, my services will be required to aid the noble cause of African Colonization *at home*, or to return in the spring of 1858, for other work in Africa, or whether, having performed my present mission, I shall retire to the work of the ministry, I leave into the hands of that same overruling Providence.

I have the pleasure to be, reverend and dear sir, yours, most respectfully and fraternally,

JOHN SEYS.

P. S.—APRIL 9. Before I seal and despatch this to be in time for the steamer due to-morrow at Monrovia, I take pleasure in saying *we are all well*. Hugh Walker and seven children—the youngest a *motherless babe*—arrived yesterday, and augmented our number of immigrants to *thirty*.

I am without a physician. Dr. Smith left us on the 3d, and a Mr. Foster was to have come, but has not. Two of the immigrants have had fever since I wrote above. I attended them to the best of my ability. One was up and well in forty-eight hours, the other in five days. ●

I enclose the order of our men on the executors of their late master's will. I hope it will be paid promptly. I have advanced them lumber, shoes, &c.

And now, finally, beseeching an interest in your prayers, that the blessing of Heaven may continue to be vouchsafed unto me and the arduous work committed to me, I am, once more, yours, &c. &c.

J. S.

From the N. Y. Journal of Commerce.

FROM LIBERIA.—DEATH of J. M. RICHARDSON.—The barque Utah has just arrived from Liberia. She is the bearer of sad intelligence to the friends of Colonization. The experiment in sugar making had been confided to a considerable extent to J. M. Richardson, near Millsburg, and a large sugar mill had just been shipped to him.

We have the news of his untimely death by drowning. Mr. Richardson had several boats, but these being employed, he started for Monrovia down the St. Paul's River in a canoe, which was heavily loaded with shingles, &c. Between Virginia and Caldwell the river is a half mile wide, and in crossing it the canoe filled with water. All on board jumped into the river, and kept the canoe from turning over, by steadying it as they swam by its side. Mr. Richardson had with him \$1,000—in drafts and money, to pay over to certain parties on account of the Estate of J. B. Jordan. He directed one of the native boys to take that box and swim ashore with it. This boy's departure left the canoe unequally manned and it capsized, when Mr. Richardson sank and was drowned.

A NARRATIVE OF DR. LIVINGSTON'S DISCOVERIES IN SOUTH CENTRAL AFRICA, FROM 1849 to 1856.

Continued from page 383, vol. 8.

CHAPTER II.

Journey of Dr. Livingston with his family to Cape Town—Return to Kuruman—Murderous designs of the Dutch Boers—Luxuriant vegetation—Surprise of the Makololo at seeing a white man—Progress northwards—Splendor of the scenery on the Zambese—Immense herds of wild animals.

We now enter upon Dr. Livingston's fourth and greatest exploratory enterprise. Having accompanied Mrs. Livingston and his children to Cape Town, a thousand miles from Kolobeng, and sent them to the care of the Directors

in England on the 8th of June, 1852, he commenced that memorable journey, which, whether we consider its extent, its perils, the additions made by it to geographical science and ethnology, or its probable consequences, social and spiritual, to the tribes of Central and Southern Africa, has, we believe, no parallel in the history of modern travel. In proceeding from Cape Town to Kuruman, he met with obstacles and misadventures, which at the time proved trying to his ardent spirit, but in which he subsequently recognized the finger of God, for it was during this detention that the Trans-Vaal Boers (unhappily recognized by the British Government as a free republic) made a murderous attack upon the Bakwains, solely because their chief, Sechele, an admirable Christian man, would not become their vassal, or secure for them a monopoly of the traffic in ivory, by prohibiting English traders from passing through his country to the north. Ascribing this assertion of his undoubted right to the influence of Dr. Livingston, these ruthless men resolved to wreak their vengeance upon the Missionary, and made no secret of their murderous design. Having, therefore, desolated the native location at Kolobeng, and killed sixty of the Bakwains, they hastened to the Mission-house.

On reaching the spot, the commandant repeatedly expressed his disappointment at not capturing Dr. Livingston, and his determination to have his head. This design having been frustrated, they proceeded to appropriate or wantonly destroy his property, for which to this day he has received no compensation. Distressed as he was by these sad events, the following passage shows the Christian estimate he had formed of them, and the important influence they exerted upon his subsequent proceedings.

"The determination of the Boers makes me more resolved than ever to open up a new way to the interior, and the experience of that kind Providence which prevented me from falling into the hands of those who would, at least, have sadly crippled my efforts, encourages me to hope that God graciously intends to make some further use of me. . . . The losses we have sustained amount to upwards of £300. We shall move the more lightly now that we can put all our goods into one wagon."

His detention at Kuruman, though trying, was necessary, but at length he proceeded in a N.N.W. direction, though by a different route from that taken on previous journeys, in order to avoid the fly. This new path brought him into a densely-wooded country, where, to his great surprise, he found vines growing luxuriantly, and yielding clusters of dark purple grapes. But it was a weary journey both for man and beast, as the grass was from eight to ten feet high, and our traveller was compelled to perform the double duty of driver and road-maker, "having," as he tells us, "either the axe or whip in hand all day long till he came to lat. 18° 4'." At this point, he found himself approaching the Chobe, and entering that network of rivers previously described. But the state of things now differed widely from that which existed on his former visit. Then the waters were at their lowest point, and flowed within their ordinary channels, but now the country was flooded. This was a formidable difficulty, and it was much increased by the sudden illness of all his attendants, save one lad. He had therefore to work his way to Linyante almost unassisted, being compelled to leave invalids and wagon behind. But he had a brave heart, and went forward. Having with some difficulty crossed the smallest of these streams, he and his companion reached one, named the Sanshurah, half-a-mile broad, and abounding with hippopotami. Embarking in a small pontoon which he had brought with him from Cape Town, he proceeded across the flooded country in search of the Chobe. After "splashing," as he terms it, "through twenty miles of an inundated plain," he climbed a high tree, and was gladdened by a sight of the much-desired river: but, on approaching it, he found a broad *chevaux-de-frise* of papy-

rus, reeds, and other aquatic plants, interlaced with a creeper resembling the convolvulus, which rendered the Chobe almost unapproachable. But by breaking or bending down this rank vegetation, so as to obtain a foothold above the water, often deep, out of which it grew, our traveller and his native attendant struggled on toward the open stream, taking the pontoon with them. But a still more formidable barrier, then reeds and flags presented itself, in what he calls "a horrid sort of grass, about six feet high, and having serrated edges, which cut the hands most cruelly, wore my strong moleskin unmentionables quite through at the knees, and my shoes, nearly new, at the toes." Three days were thus spent amongst that mass of reeds; but, though constantly wading, and wet up to the middle, he slept soundly at night, and on the fourth day was rewarded by reaching the river and launching the pontoon upon its bosom. Joyfully embarking in this frail craft, they paddled down the Chobe about twenty miles, when they arrived at a village of the Makololo. The natives stood aghast at this apparition. Intrenched, as they supposed, by their rivers, they believed themselves unapproachable. Dr. Livingston's sudden arrival, therefore, was to them a great marvel, and the achievement exalted him in their eyes. The only explanation they could devise for so strange an event was, that "he had fallen on them from a cloud, yet came riding on a hippopotamus" (pontoon).

But the difficulties of this part of the journey were now surmounted. As soon as the intelligence of their arrival reached Linyanti, a number of canoes, with 140 people, were dispatched from that town to convey them and their wagon thither. Here they received a welcome such as was given to their highest chief. Sekeletu, the successor of Sebitoane, then only nineteen years old, was especially delighted. "I have now got another father," he said, "instead of Sebitoane!" And the people shared this feeling. The idea seemed universal, that, with a Missionary, some great, indefinite good had arrived. Many expected to be elevated at once to a condition equal to that of the Bakwains and inhabitants of Kuruman, of which they had received very exaggerated accounts; others imagined that they would be very soon transformed into civilized men, possessing the clothing, horses, arms, wagons, &c. of Europeans. "Jesus," they said, "had not loved their forefathers, hence their own present degradation. He had loved the white men, and given them all the wonderful things they now possess; and, as I had come to teach them to pray to Jesus, and to pray for them, their wants would be soon supplied. A very great deal, too, was expected from medicines and my liberality, &c."

Without entering into many details of this second visit of our friend to Linyanti, there were circumstances attending it which deserve a brief notice. Sebitoane, it appeared; had nominated a daughter as his successor, but against her own inclination; she, therefore, sincerely and cheerfully relinquished her title in favor of Sekeletu. As, however, there was a pretender to the chieftainship, from whose designs the young man apprehended danger, he accepted authority with reluctance; and the sequel showed that there were solid reasons for his fear. Having positively prohibited the sale of children, Sekeletu's rival clandestinely brought a slave-trading party of Mambari into his dominions, and received from them as a reward a small cannon. Armed with this formidable instrument of death, and now confident of wresting the power from its rightful possessor, he came to the place where Sekeletu and Dr. Livingston were, having arranged with his followers, that, while holding a conference with the chief, they should, at a given signal, hamstring him with the battle-axe. Without being aware of the conspiracy, the presence of Dr. Livingston,

as he walked by the side of Sekeletu, proved the means of frustrating it; and some of the conspirators during the same evening disclosed it to the chief, who, satisfied with the guilt of the pretender, ordered his immediate execution. Of this, however, Dr. Livingston knew nothing until the following day.

It was a source of no ordinary satisfaction that his presence and influence at Linyanti effectually frustrated the purpose of others who had come from the west to purchase slaves, and some of whom, hearing that he had crossed the Chobe, fled back to their country with precipitation. Our traveller also succeeded in restraining the Makololo from attacking a stockade, in the valley of the Barotse, within which some slave-traders had intrenched themselves, and the consequences of which attack must have proved fatal to many. When he pointed out the difficulty of subduing a party with forty muskets in such a position, an under chief sagaciously replied, "Hunger is strong enough—a very great fellow is he!"

When Dr. Livingston proposed to Sekeletu to examine his country, that he might ascertain whether any part of it was suitable for a Mission, the chief, wishing to detain his guest longer, objected to his departure, stating at first, that he "had not yet had a satisfactory look at him," and then, that he could not suffer him to go alone lest some evil might befall him. Detained by these and other causes, it was not until the end of July, 1853, that the preparations for his exploratory excursion to the North were completed.

The morning of the day upon which Dr. Livingston set out, presented a scene of unusual animation and interest at Sekhose, his starting point, a village on the Zambese. Although the rude children of nature who dwelt there could but imperfectly estimate the importance to them and to future generations of the object of their visitor, they regarded all his movements with extraordinary interest. Upon the bank of the noble stream many of them were gathered, watching with extravagant gesticulations and discordant cries, the fleet which rendezvoused upon its waters. There, beneath the bright sky of the tropics, thirty-three canoes, manned by 160 rowers, were awaiting the signal for their departure. Our traveller, having had the choice of this fleet, selected one, twenty inches in width and thirty-four feet long, with six experienced and athletic rowers. But though the Zambese rolled down in ample volume against them, no sooner was the word of command given, then they swept through it at a rate which showed that the skill and strength of these inland mariners were more than equal to its force. As they proceeded up the river, Dr. Livingston was filled with admiration at its magnificence and beauty. "It is often," he writes, "more than a mile broad, and adorned with numerous islands of from three to five miles in length. These, and the banks too, are covered with forest, and most of the trees on the brink of the water send down roots from their branches like the banian. The islands, at a little distance, seemed rounded masses of sylvan vegetation of various hues, reclining on the bosom of the glorious stream. The beauty of the scene is greatly increased by the date palm and lofty palmyra towering above the rest, and casting their feathery foliage against a cloudless sky. The banks are rocky and undulating, and many villages of the Banyeti, a poor but industrious people, are situated upon both of them. They are expert hunters of hippopotami and other animals, and cultivate grain extensively."

Amidst such scenery our traveller pursued his course on the first day of ten and a-half hours about fifty miles. Not far, however, above the starting place, the bed of the river began to be rocky, forming a succession of rapids and cataracts up to lat. 16°, two of which are dangerous. North of

this point, the river, here called the Leeambye, passes through the country of the Barotse, which stretches about 100 miles north and south, and is bounded by two ranges of hills which bend away from the river N.N.E. and N.N.W., until they are from twenty to thirty miles apart. The intervening country is annually overflowed, but, as the waters never rise above ten feet, the natives have formed numerous mounds, upon which they build their villages and pasture their cattle. The capital of this country, called Nariële, and containing about 1000 inhabitants, stands upon one of these artificial elevations.

At the time of Dr. Livingston's visit, the stream ran low, and the valley was covered with coarse succulent grasses twelve feet high, and as thick as a man's thumb, upon which he saw in every direction large herds of cattle grazing. On visiting the higher lands, which form the boundaries of the valley, he found them covered with trees and gardens which the industrious natives had filled with sugar-cane, sweet potato, manioc, yam, bananas, millet, &c. On the lower grounds, when the waters retire, they raise large quantities of maize and Caffre corn. These productions, with abundance of milk and fish, give to the Barotse country great celebrity as a land of plenty. But alas! it is also a land of death. "The fever," writes Dr. Livingston, "must be braved if a Mission is to be established, for it is very fatal even among natives. I have had eight attacks of it; the last very severe; but I never laid by. I tried native remedies in order to discover if they possessed any valuable means of cure; but after being stewed in vapor baths, smoked like a red herring over twigs in hot pots-herds, and physicked *secundum black artem*, I believe our own medicines are more efficacious and safer."

The previously unknown region through which we have now been tracking the course of Dr. Livingston, like a large portion of the country watered by the same noble river, abounds with game. "Beyond Barotse," he writes, "the herds of large animals surpass any thing I ever saw. Elands and buffaloes, 'their tameness was shocking to me.' Eighty-one buffaloes defile slowly before our fire one evening, and lions were impudent enough to roar at us. . . . Sable antelopes abound, and so do the nakong, and there is a pretty little antelope on the Secheke, called 'heranyane,' which seemed new to me. . . . The birds are in great numbers on the river, and the sand martins never leave it. We saw them in hundreds in mid-winter; and many beautiful new trees were interesting objects of observation."

But surrounded as he was by so much to engage his attention, he was yet painfully alive to the solitariness of his situation. In former journeys, he had had the companionship of one, at least, who could sympathize with him; but now he was alone, and he deeply felt, especially when the shadows of evening closed in upon him, and terminated the active occupations of the day, the sad want of some friend who could share the pleasures and alleviate the privations of his arduous enterprise. But instead of the intelligent converse of an educated companion, he was, he tells us, doomed to bear "the everlasting ranting of the Makololo," for, although most kind, and even devoted to him, they were savages of the first water. "To endure," he writes, "their dancing, roaring, and singing, their jesting, anecdotes, grumbling, quarrelling, murdering, and meanness,—equalled a pretty stiff penance. These children of nature gave me more intense disgust to heathenism, and a much higher opinion of the effects of Missions among tribes in the south, which are reported to have been as savage as they, than I ever had before." But his spirit never faltered. It was still buoyant and even cheerful. "You very kindly say," he writes, addressing a friend, "you fear for the result of my

going alone. I hope I am in the way of duty; my own conviction that such is the case has never wavered. I am doing something for God. I have preached the Gospel in many a spot where the name of Christ has never been heard, and I would work still more in the way of reducing this Barotse language, if I had not suffered so severely from fever. Exhaustion produced vertigo, causing me, if I looked suddenly up, almost to lose consciousness. This made me give up some of my sedentary work; but I hope God will accept of what I do. The temperature in the shade is about 100° Fahr. during the day, and often 90° at nine at night. But a merry heart doeth good like a medicine."

At Narielo, he parted company with the Makololo, who had conveyed him thus far, and proceeded with some Barotse to the confluence of the Leebea with the Leeambye. The banks of the former river were low and treeless up to lat. 14° 38', where the dense forest again approached the water's edge. Proceeding in the same direction, he reached, in S. lat. 14° 11' his present destination, and found that the Leebea flowed from the N.N.W., and the Leeambye from E.N.E. Here, too, the country became more elevated than in the part previously traversed.

On returning from the confluence of those rivers to Narielo, he visited the ridge which forms the eastern boundary of the Barotse valley, but he nowhere discovered a healthy locality upon which a Mission could be safely commenced. He therefore retraced his course down the Leeambye, without, indeed, accomplishing his main design, but having gained such an acquaintance with the country as enabled him to determine the route by which he would attempt to reach the west coast.

REPORT OF TRAVELLING AGENT.

BALTIMORE CITY.

Wm. Rogers of Jacob, Ward & France, Cash, L. M. Warner & Co. Richard Younger, each \$5; T. J. Bond, Wm. H. Brown & Bro. J. Brass, E. J. Kimberly, Jacob Hoff, Wm. C. Snyder, Miss Snyders, E. W. Briding, Capt. Weems, G. R. Rittenhouse, G. W. Arnold, Lewis Turner, Wm. P. Clotworthy, each \$1.....	\$ 38 00
<i>Fayette Street Station M. E. Church.</i> —H. W. Drakely, E. C. Thomas, each \$10; Benj. Darby, D. Carson, each \$5; Wm. Thomas, \$3; E. C. Thomas, Jr. S. W. Thomas, each \$2; H. Hoover, E. C. Welsh, Wm. Welsh, E. Adams, M. Gough, each \$1; Basket Collection, Union Square, \$3.....	45 00

PRINCE GEORGE'S COUNTY.

<i>Woodville.</i> —Jas. Waters,.....	5 00
<i>Nottingham.</i> —Hugh Perry,.....	5 00
<i>Piscataway.</i> —Jere Townsend, \$5; James H. Griffin, W. P. Griffin, each \$2; Samuel Coe, Dr. B. J. Simms, Jno. Birch, R. B. Chew, W. B. Townsend, Jas. H. Marlo, each \$1; Six Persons, each 50 cts. Two, each 25 cts.....	18 50

CHARLES COUNTY.

<i>Bean Town.</i> —H. A. Moore, B. D. Spalding, each \$5; Rev. H. D. Monroe, James S. Gibbon, each \$2; Rev. J. H. Ryland, P. A. Sasser, R. L. Smallwood, J. Lattimer, Levi Hicks, Jas. Martin, each \$1; Rev. Mr. Wilmer, \$1 25, Miss A. Bealle, 50 cts.....	21 75
<i>Port Tobacco.</i> —B. Compton, \$3; J. L. Brawner, J. W. Mitchell, G. W. Carpenter, T. A. Miller, R. S. Reeder, Joseph Prior, Geo. N. Rowe, G. Carter, Rev. T. R. Holly, Jno. H. Cox, A. H. Robertson, A. Furguson, Wm. F. Dement, H. Furguson, Wm. Boswell, T. J. Paget, Cash, C. W. Barnes, each \$1.....	21 00
<i>New Town.</i> —J. H. Hawkins, \$5; Dr. S. W. Dent, \$2 50; Mrs. C. A. Hawkins, Capt. Smoot, each \$2; Cash, L. W. Hawkins, Mrs. Edelin, Cash, J. W. Hawkins, Three Persons, each 50 cts.....	18 00
<i>New Port.</i> —Cash, \$2; J. P. Turner, J. W. Burch, Jas. A. Keech, Cash, each \$1.	6 00

\$ 178 25

All of which is respectfully submitted.

BALTIMORE, July 31st, 1857.

P. D. LIPSCOMB, *Travelling Agent.*

